

IN THE REAR OF THE KHALIFA

by ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

She paused, and a bright flush covered her fair face.

"As far as I can calculate, I must be twenty years old," she said; "I have decided that it is time to act. My life is all before me. Am I to let it be spoiled by this dreadful bond? I will find the creature, calling himself a man, who was guilty of such unheard-of cruelty as to marry a girl—a mere child—and basely desert her! If necessary, I will spend years in search of him!" She was silent for a few moments—there were on her long eyelashes, her face was scarlet with emotion. "Will you help me?" she asked then, with bewitching sweetness.

Mr. Martineau looked down at her—they had both risen.

"What fate would you consider bad enough for the delinquent—if we find him?" he asked.

"Ah, I should not care so much what became of him, provided I could but be free!" sighed Marguerite.

"I would give a great deal to be able to set you free," he said, with a long breath. "If you will put the case into my hands, I will see what I can do."

A brief dialogue on the technical points of the case followed, in which he pledged himself to search for the will; then, with shy thanks, she held out a hand in leave-taking.

"I shall be eternally grateful to you," she said.

"One day I'll remind you of that promise," was his reply.

CHAPTER V.

Marguerite's small figure attracted but little notice as she threaded her way through the city with the air of a girl well used to London. She took her seat in the train at Broad street station, and was carried through Willesden Park and Dalston—on to a poverty-stricken part of East London. Alighting from a second-class com-

Together they walked along the dirty, hot, close streets.

"Well, Marguerite, what luck?" he said. "You see I condescend to ask, though you did insist on going off by yourself in such an independent manner?"

"I gave you my reasons for doing so, Bernard," she answered, with a sigh. Her spirits were low; she was tired out. "There is not much to tell. Mr. Leroy was out; I saw his partner, Mr. Martineau. He is going to search for the will, and let me see it. I told him the whole story. He seemed to be greatly interested."

"Did he give you any sort of opinion?"

"I fancy he thought the whole thing rather hopeless at present. We have so little to go upon, you see! My ignorance of the names is so dreadful, and there seems to be no way of finding the place where my uncle lived. There was nothing distinctive about the scenery—just commonplace hedges and lanes. It would be of no use to advertise for Cathie; Mr. Martineau thinks she would not answer. My uncle would like care of that."

"If he still lives," said Bernard—"which I trust he does, that I may have the pleasure of horsewhipping him."

"Oh, Bernard!"

"Yes; and as for that other fellow, if he comes within reach of me, let him beware. Marguerite, didn't Martineau agree that this so-called marriage of yours was a mockery—a thing to be set at naught?"

"He said he thought it could be set aside," answered Marguerite, blushing. "On the ground that I was of unsound mind at the time; but to do that we want witnesses, and a certificate of the marriage, and all that."

"Ah, yes!" said Bernard, thoughtfully. "That marriage register is the thing. I have been thinking over one

small one—they would not care to attract notice. Ah, how I wish I were a rich man for your sake, Marguerite! I would search every register in the kingdom at my own expense, but I would find the name of the man who so wronged you!"

"Dear!" She looked at him with grateful, eloquent eyes. "But perhaps he married me under a false name?" she suggested.

"Of course he might have done so," he assented, with a sigh. "If, however, as I can't help supposing, he married you to obtain money, he would be rather careful to have everything strictly on the level, and would probably use his own name. Ah, Marguerite, if my old godmother would only take it into her head to die and leave me all her fortune!"

"Ah, Bernard, if the sky were to rain gold, it would not set me free!" "Yes, it would," he affirmed, with conviction. "You should be free if only I had the money—free to tell me you loved me."

"Bernard, Bernard, don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't say words you will one day wish unsaid."

"Marguerite, you insult me by your distrust."

"It is for your sake, Bernard, my own dear—"

"Ah, that's better!" he asserted, with a radiant smile, as she suddenly stopped, crimson and laughing.

"How warm it is today!" she said, trying to speak calmly.

"Warm!" exclaimed the young man, impatiently. "It's burning hot here in London. I've had such a tempting invitation, Madge."

"Have you, from whom?"

"From Laurie."

"Laurie? Oh, yes, I remember; the viscount, Lord Unfreville's son—the man who was with you at Orléans? So he has invited you."

"Yes, to Clarisade, their place in Huntingdonshire."

"Oh, Bernard, why can't you go?"

"Won't run to it, my sweet. I couldn't afford to be mixed up with a lot of men who live expensively, and with whom money is no object, so I've refused."

"Oh, my dear Bernard! You are strong-minded; I'm so proud of you—but do you know?"—slyly—"I'm half glad you're not going."

"Why?"

"Ah, who used to have a photo of Lady Mildred Ames on his bed-room mantelpiece? And very pretty she is, too. I should be jealous."

"You jealous?" He laughed his frank, pleasant laugh. "No, no, Queen Marguerite, you have me too firmly in your clutches."

She suppressed a faint sigh. Vaguely, regretfully, she felt that she was dragging down this man who loved her. Oh, to tear away the veil which hid the past! Oh, this bitter grinding want of money, which stared her in the face at every turn!

They were very silent as they entered the old dark house with Dr. Stelling's name on a brass plate fixed to the door. It was a plain looking London house, but as cosy and cheery within as loving hands could make it. It boasted a garden behind, the door leading to which was just now open, and the tendrils of Mrs. Stelling's beloved and tenderly nursed Virginia creeper swayed to and fro in the gently stirring breeze.

(To be continued.)

A FRENCH JOKE.

Parisian Journalist Asked to Hugus Rehearsal of Parliamentary Bell.

An interesting hoax has been perpetrated by a prominent Parisian journal at the expense of its contemporaries, says the London Standard. As recorded some days since, M. Deschanel, in the course of one of his noisy sittings of last session, broke the historic bell placed on his desk to call the deputies to order. The journal in question announced that there was to be an interesting rehearsal today, when with the ushers to imitate the noisy deputies, a trial of a number of new bells would be made with a view of selecting a successor to M. Deschanel's gift, which had done duty since 1850. The result was that a crowd of Parisian journalists were early in attendance at the Palais Bourbon, with a view of ascertaining the hour at which this interesting ceremony was to take place. Courteous ushers, who, no doubt, from their long experience, would make model deputies, were there, as usual, to greet them; but nothing was known of the trial, and the journalist responsible for the original paragraph has the satisfaction of knowing that he deranged at least fifty of his confreres, caused much amusement at the chamber, and afforded a subject for gossip in the evening at the clubs. M. Deschanel, the president of the chamber, is still in this country; but on his return eight new bells, which have been cast, will be submitted to him, and the chosen three will be further embellished with the initials "R. P." One of these bells will be placed in the chamber, one kept for reserve, and the other sent to Versailles for the use of future congresses. It seems that when M. Deschanel broke the bell belonging to the chamber, that from the congress hall at Versailles, also of historical association, for it has assisted at each of the seven presidential elections, was requisitioned, only, however, to almost immediately share at the vigorous hand of the president of the chamber a fate similar to that of the confrere it had been called in to replace, and which it has now also gone to join in the parliamentary museum.

"How clever of you, Bernard!" she said; then, wonderingly—"Mr. Martineau never suggested that!"

"Mr. Martineau hasn't such a stake to play as I have," answered Bernard, dropping his persuasive voice to a lower key. "But, to continue—the place to which they took you to marry you would probably be an out-of-the-way place, yet, I think, not a very

For several years the Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal church has furnished aid for the erection of two churches a day.

KILLED KHALIFA.

Gen. Wingate Successful Against Former's Forces.

RESULTS IN MOST DIRE DEFEAT.

Their Entire Camp Was Captured and a Large Number of Men, Women and Children Secured.

Cairo, Nov. 27.—Lord Cromer, the British minister here, received the following dispatch from Gen. Kitchener: "Wingate's force caught up with the Khalifa's forces seven miles southeast of Godid and attacked it. After a sharp fight he took his position. The Khalifa, who was surrounded by a body-guard of emirs, was killed and all the principal emirs were killed or captured except Osman Digna, who escaped."

"The dervishes were utterly defeated, their whole camp was taken and thousands surrendered. A large number of women, children and cattle also fell into the hands of the Anglo-Egyptian force."

Gen. Kitchener also wires: "Wingate's Arab scouts located the Khalifa's position at Omdelbrik. Our force marched from Gedli in the moonlight and finally had to cut its way through the bush. It arrived before dawn on rising ground overlooking the camp, which was hidden in the trees."

"We heard their drums and horns before dawn, and at 5:15 the dervishes attacked. Our guns opened fire and soon the action became general. Half an hour later the whole line advanced and swept through the dervish position for over two miles till the camp was reached."

"The mounted troops pursued and captured most of the fugitives. The Khalifa, with most of his men and the emir's bodyguard, made a gallant stand. Among the emirs killed were the Khalifa's two brothers and the mahdi's son."

"Osman Digna left immediately after the firing began and is probably concealed somewhere in the vicinity. I hope eventually to get him."

"We took the entire dervish camp. All the dervishes not killed surrendered. I cannot speak too highly of the behavior of the troops and their endurance during the long, tedious marches preceding the final action. From 4 o'clock in the morning of Nov. 21 till 5 o'clock in the morning of Nov. 24 they marched sixty miles and fought two decisive actions."

"The Sudan may now be declared open."

Defeated Them.

Cape Town, Nov. 27.—Gen. Forester-Walker sent the following:

Lord Methuen reports that he moved Saturday at 3:30 a. m., with the ninth brigade, the mounted corps, the naval brigade and two batteries, the guards following with the baggage near Gras Pan (about ten miles north of Belmont on the railway line to Kimberley). 2500 Boers with six guns and two machine guns opposed him. The action began at 6 a. m. Our batteries fired shrapnel very accurately until the heights seemed clear. Then the naval brigade and infantry advanced to the assault. The fighting was desperate until 10 a. m., when the heights were carried. The Boers retreated on the line, where the ninth lancers were placed to intercept them.

Made Feint.

Manila, Nov. 27.—Insurgents made feint on Imus Friday night. Three enlisted men wounded; their loss, two killed, one captured. Quickly withdrew. Additional troops sent from Manila. Insurgents will be driven south. Reports from Negros encouraging. Chief insurgent leader north of Manila surrendered voluntarily. More sugar mills at work than at any time since the revolution against Spain began. Officers report people cheerful and hopeful.

Noted Capture.

Manila, Nov. 27.—Buenavino, the brains of the Filipino insurrection, is locked up here in charge of Brig. Gen. Edward B. Williston, the provost marshal. When Tarlac fell, Buenavino fled northward with Aguinaldo's 3-year-old son and an old lady supposed to be the mother of Aguinaldo's confidential servant, Tomas Maxarina, and a guard of 100 soldiers. Buenavino surrendered without resistance. He had only a few clothes and \$2000 in gold.

Could Not Tell Them.

Orange River, Nov. 27.—In all 167 wounded, including several Boers, have arrived here from Belmont. One of the Boers, a boy 17 years of age, was compelled to take up arms with his father, who is a prisoner. A wounded Boer said that twenty men were selected from each Boer section to pick off the British officers, but he added that on the advance of the British force the Boer marksmen were bewildered, as it was impossible to distinguish officers.

Hobart's Funeral.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 27.—With the impressive religious ceremonies of the Presbyterian church and with the dignity due to his high office, all that is mortal of the late vice president, Garrett A. Hobart, was committed to earth Saturday afternoon.

The president, Secretary of State John Hay, Chief Justice Fuller, Former Vice President Levi P. Morton, Former Secretary of War Alger, Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, the supreme court judges, members of the senate, members of congress and the vice president's personal friends filled the beautiful Church of the Redeemer and with moistened eye and bowed head silently and eloquently testified to his worth as a neighbor and friend.

Through the west window from the center of the stained glass Maltess cross pierced a shaft of crimson that shed its light around the catafalque and bathed the orchids, narcissus blossoms and white roses in bright tints. The eyes of the clergyman traveled along the shaft of light to the cross as he repeated the words: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The chief magistrate of the country bowed his hands in his hands. He was visibly affected. All the pomp of an official pageant, which was omitted in deference to the wishes of the deceased, never have equaled in impressiveness the scene in the church. The imposing and solemn strains of Chopin's "Funeral March" filled the edifice with its solemn melody as the casket was borne up the aisle on the shoulders of the stalwart members of the Capitol police and placed upon the bier prepared for it in front of the pulpit.

Following it came the pallbearers, members of the senate. Following them came the family, the widow and her son, President McKinley, the government dignitaries and intimate friends. They all sat close around the casket. On every side of it the floral offerings were banked in a wealth of beauty and color.

The funeral services were opened by Rev. Dr. Charles S. Shaw, who read a portion of Psalm 131:6 and 10-12. This was followed by a selection from Job 14:1-11 and 7-12 and concluded by a reading from I Corinthians, fifteenth chapter.

After prayer sixty male voices filled the church with the beautiful melody of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." After the sermon, in which the business, statesmanship and social qualities of the deceased were eulogized, the Orepheus club sang a cantata by Shwartz. Dr. Magie then pronounced the benediction and in the same order that it arrived the funeral procession left the church. As the casket was borne down the aisle out on the porch the vast multitude which could hardly be kept under control by the police and soldiers, uncovered and when the president appeared with bowed head, leaning on the arm of John Hay, there was only a murmur of greeting.

Through the long lane of thousands of uncovered heads the cortege wended its way to Cedar Lawn cemetery, where the body was placed in the receiving vault.

It is not yet possible to forecast what form the Russo-United States treaty will take.

Former Senator Call of Florida wants the election of Senator Talleferro, his successor, investigated.

Sheep Options.

Billings, Mont., Nov. 27.—Representatives of an American-English syndicate have been in this state all summer and fall, traveling over the large sheep raising sections, securing options on the best sheep ranches and best watered land for the purpose of consolidating them into one large company. Already options on nearly 500,000 head of sheep and 500,000 acres of the finest and most fertile sheep-raising land in the state have been obtained.

Guerrilla Methods.

Manila, Nov. 27.—The last Filipino council of war was held by the retreating insurgents at Bayambang on Nov. 13, in the house now occupied by Gen. MacArthur. It was attended by Aguinaldo, Pio del Pilar Garcia, Alejandro and some members of the cabinet. Information has reached Gen. MacArthur that the council recognized the utility of further resistance to the Americans with united forces, and agreed the troops should scatter and hereafter follow guerrilla methods.

Farm Ruined.

Bluff City, Kan., Nov. 27.—Robbers Saturday night touched off a quantity of dynamite, which wrecked the safe and front end of the State bank here, and they escaped with \$10,000 in gold, besides some silver bills. This is the eighth Kansas bank to be robbed by safe-blowers within three weeks. The safe of the State Bank of Clear Water was blown open Friday night and \$2000 in cash and a number of notes taken.

Provide Pure Water.

"Stagnant water is the best vehicle for conveying the parasites that infest the sheep. If you have not abundant supply of clear, pure water, easy of access to sheep, we hasten to advise you not to attempt sheep raising."

"Low, marshy or spouty land is an abomination to the flockmaster; but Kansas is so free from this character of land that the caution seems uncalled for. But the ponds—the ponds sometimes called artificial lakes, but, rather, artificial cesspools—drain them, drain them dry, or apply the herd law and fence them (the sheep) out."

The above true remarks were made by Hon. F. D. Coburn of Kansas, and will be indorsed by all practical sheepherds. It has as truly been said the hog cholera follows the course of streams, is most virulent near their banks and fades out at a distance from such waters. We know, too, that anthrax is often spread by watering ponds and creeks and we see from the above the danger of stagnant water for sheep. In England the liver fluke, which passes one period of its life-history within the body of water snails, is only prevalent in low-lying, marshy places. It is likewise true of some of the intestinal parasites of sheep that they are worst on such lands and it is proverbial that sheep should be kept high and dry. Some argue that sheep do not drink water, but they should just watch them in hot summer weather when the grasses are dewless even in the early morning. They do drink water and it should be pure. We have known of wholesale abortion among ewes which drank water polluted with the leechings of a manure pile.

We have seen an epidemic of enteric disease among sheep from drinking stagnant water, while the ophthalmic disease of sheep and cattle may often be traced to a similar source of infection. One always finds on investigation that a successful sheep-raising country is a country flowing with pure streams of water and dotted with ponds fed by everlasting springs.

Feed for Hiss.

Horse breeders cannot make a worse mistake with their foals than to shut them away from the dams before they can eat crushed oats and bran. Size must be obtained in these days, and if a youngster is allowed to lose time during the first winter of its existence, no amount of forcing will make up for it afterwards. It is not necessary or even desirable to confine them in a small yard, and stuff them with cooked foods of various sorts in order to cover their ribs with a lot of flabby fat. Plenty of room, with sound, natural food, is the best way to produce horses with good constitutions.

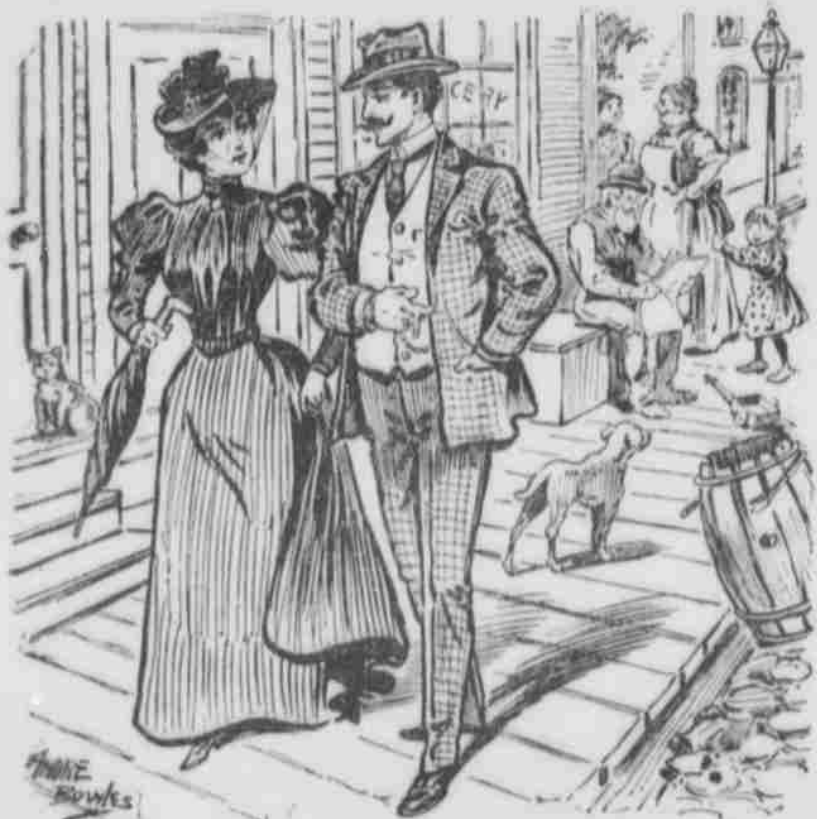
The above paragraph, taken from the London (Eng.) Live Stock Journal, teaches the soundest kind of doctrine. It has often been pointed out in these columns that "calf flesh" if once lost can never be regained, and this applies with equal force in the growing of colts. The "hothouse" system of forcing is rightly denounced, for it begets a host of evils for the days of maturity however much it may tend to beautify young stock. Natural methods and natural food are the secret of success. The former provides abundance of outdoor exercise, with its fresh air and sunlight adjuncts, which go so far in the production of healthy constitutions; the latter means good, heavy oats, bran, carrots and sweet, well-made fodders, rather than condimental foods and forcing stuffs. Commence feeding the sucking foals on crushed oats, bran, etc., and they will stand weaning without loss of flesh and progress upon good rations until they mature into large, sound, profitable horses.

Brome Grass Pasture.—At the experimental farm at Indian Head, Canada, an interesting experiment is being made in the seeding down of prairie land with brome grass for pasture. Brome hay was a heavy crop on the farm this year, some of it going 5½ tons to the acre, with an average crop of about 2½ tons. An interesting fact came to light in connection with the feeding of brome grass and hay to the 12 work horses. The horses are weighed every month and when they had been feeding two weeks on brome grass and hay it was found that an average gain of 40 lbs. a head had been made over the previous weighing. There was no change in the grain ration and no difference in the amount of work performed.

Flax Burn.—The Agricultural Institute of Gembloux, Belgium, has made exhaustive research into the nature of the malady known as "flax burn," and has learned that this disease arises from a "microscopic fungus growth living in the cells of the roots." There is no method of direct treatment, as the parasite is internal and subterranean. The use of different manures has given no satisfactory result. The only remedy is to destroy "the diseased plants so that the germs will not spread; to abandon the culture of flax on the infected soil at least seven or eight years; also to avoid planting turnips in the soil abandoned, as they are thought to harbor the parasite."

Speltz Wheat.—At the experiment station in North Dakota speltz wheat is being tested. President Worst says it's raised with great success on the Missouri slope, yields greater than oats, stands drouth better and is adapted to the climate of both North and South Dakota.

If only pure milk were sold in London it is estimated that from 20,000 to 30,000 more cows would be wanted to keep up the supply.



"WELL, MARGUERITE, WHAT LUCK?"

partment, she at once encountered a tall young man who had hurried along the platform to meet her.

"Bernard! Did you come to meet me?"

"Of course. I'm not going to have you running about this pastoral district by yourself. But you are late—I've watched three city trains in—wish which he drew the small hand within his arm, and they left the station together."

"It is good of you to wait so long for me, dear boy," she said, gratefully.

Bernard Stelling looked somehow out of place in East London. He was a tall, aristocratic looking young man of five and twenty or thereabouts. His features were good, his eyes large and bright, and he was justly proud of his long chestnut mustache. He was a brave young fellow, too, for he had been born in the midst of poverty, and had never lost heart. His father and mother were of the rare knightly few who live, not for themselves, but to mitigate the sorrows of those around them. Possessed of talents which would have made his fortune in a fashionable west-end district, Dr. Stelling still chose to live and work in one of the most unsavory quarters of the east end, sometimes getting paid for his labors, but more frequently not and indulging whenever he could get the chance in such an extravagantly generous proceeding as the adopting of Marguerite had been. His own small private fortune he had devoted almost entirely to the education of his son and daughter, Bernard and Mary, the former of whom had just obtained a mastership in a public school, having passed very creditably through the university.

It was perhaps to be regretted on more than one ground that the impetuous Bernard had fallen in love with the penniless Marguerite; yet, thrown as they had been together, it was scarcely to be wondered at.